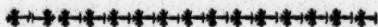


L I N E S

On some of the enormous Taxes we
at present groan under.



W E pay for our *New-Born*, we pay for our
Dead;

We pay if we're *fingle*, we pay if we *wed*;
Which shews that our merciful Senate don't
fail

To begin at the *Head*, and tax down to the
Tail.

We pay thro' the nose
In opposing our foes ;
But, for all our expences, get little but *Blows*.
Abroad, we're *defeated*;
At home, we are *cheated* ;
And the end on't, the end on't, there's nobody
knows!

48. 10. 14. 61.

